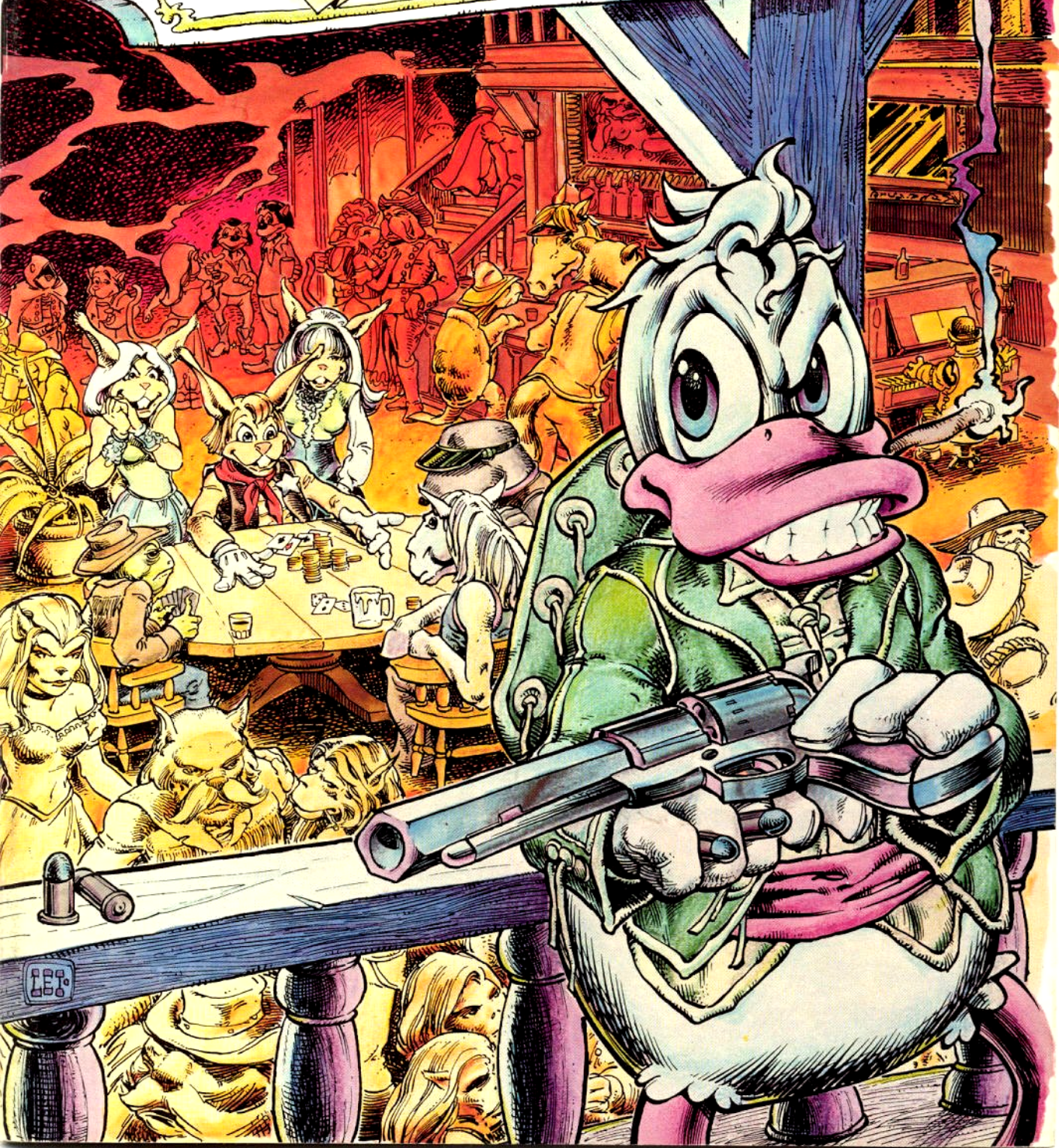


#4

\$1<sup>25</sup>

# QUACK!

LADIES WELCOME







6 June 1977  
Hayward, CA

I'm in a rotten, depressed state these days (see current STAR\* REACH No. 9 for a bit more detail) and the less I say out loud the better.

Three things: (1) I am NOT moving to San Diego; (2) due to a big misunderstanding about deadlines (and nobody's fault, really) Scott Shaw's You-All Gibbon story is being delayed an issue; (3) this is "On The Skids" last appearance.

I should have more to say next time. Fortunately I have some foolishness to fill up this page. Here:

SGT  
H&S CO., H&S BN, 1ST FSSG  
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055



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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

# HOME ON THE RANGE, RABBIT!

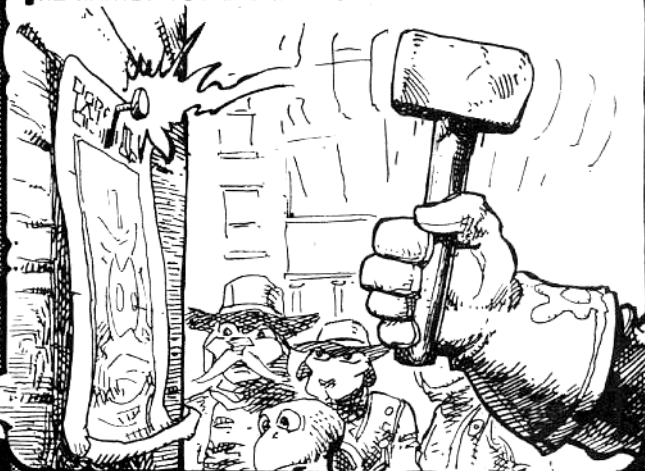
OK, KIDDIES, LISTEN UP!

THIS HERE'S A STORY OF MY GREAT-GRANDDADDY. THAT'S HIM UP THERE IN THE PICTURE!

STOP SQUIRMIN', RACHEL...

THIS IS HOW HE MET UP WITH THE ORNERIEST, BADDEST QUACK OF 'EM ALL!

THE 'WANTED' POSTERS WERE GOING UP ALL OVER TOWN...



**WANTED!**

EL DRACO  
DEAD OR ALIV

RANGER RICK, THIS IS THE BIRD! I WANT YOU TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM IN!



HHMM... HE LOOKS LIKE A MEAN ONE, ALL RIGHT! A REAL TOUGH EGG!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SHERIFF!

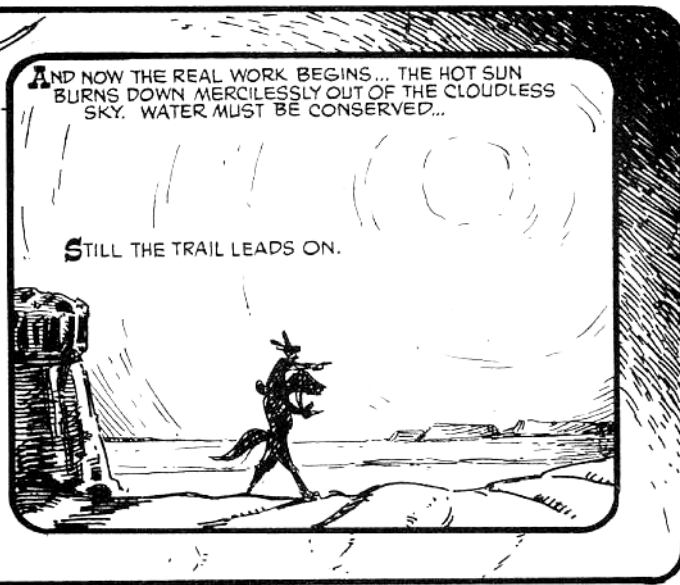
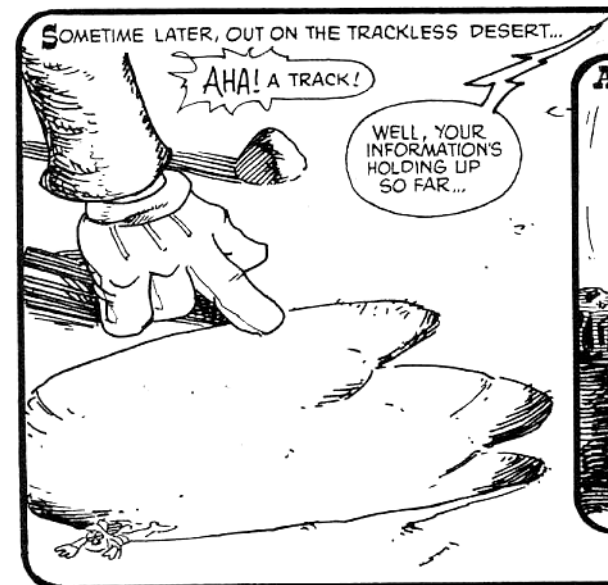
BUT FIRST.....



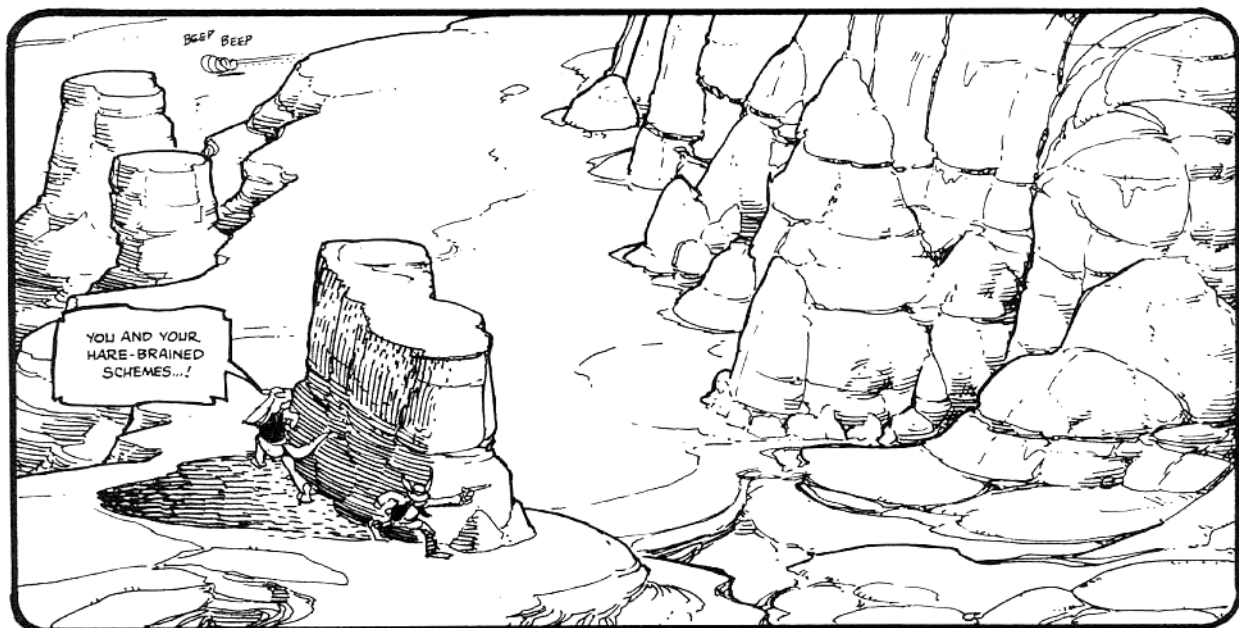
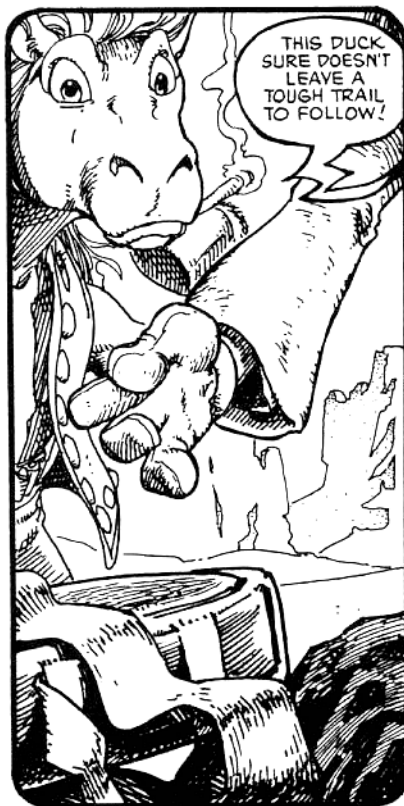
by

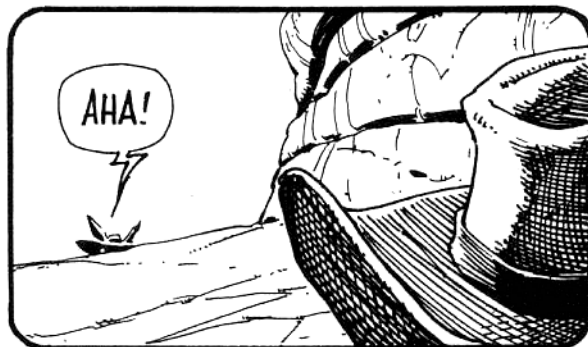
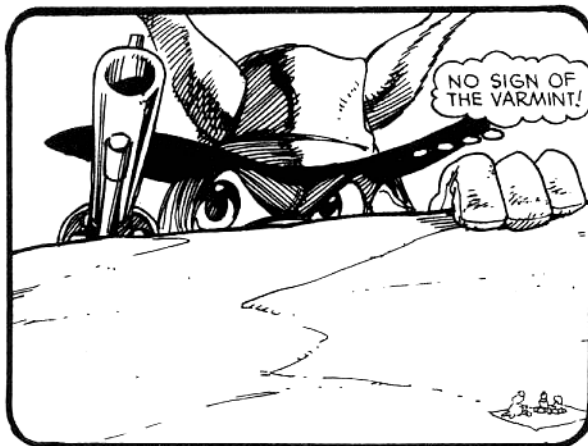
STEPHEN LEIALOHA LETTERS ORZ

©1977 LEIALOHA

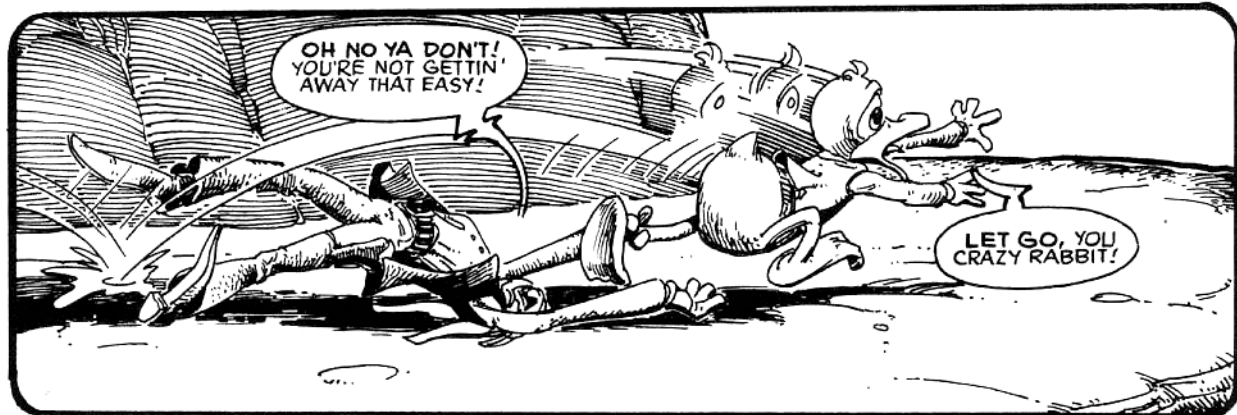


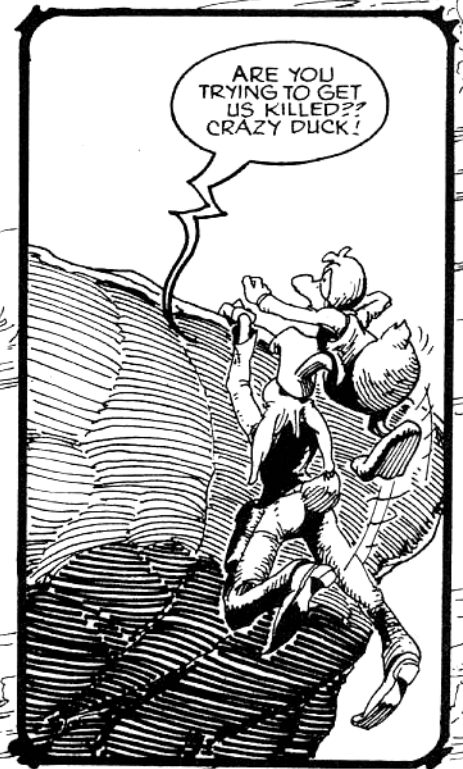








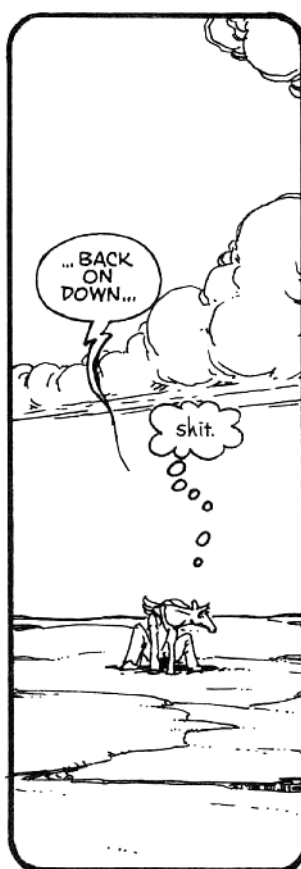




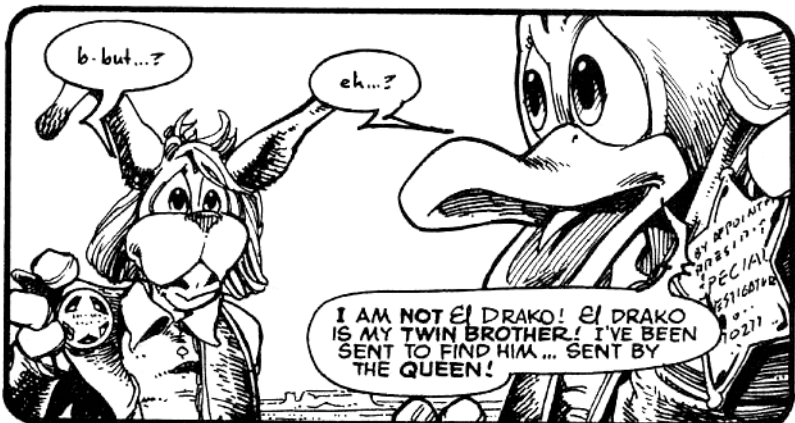
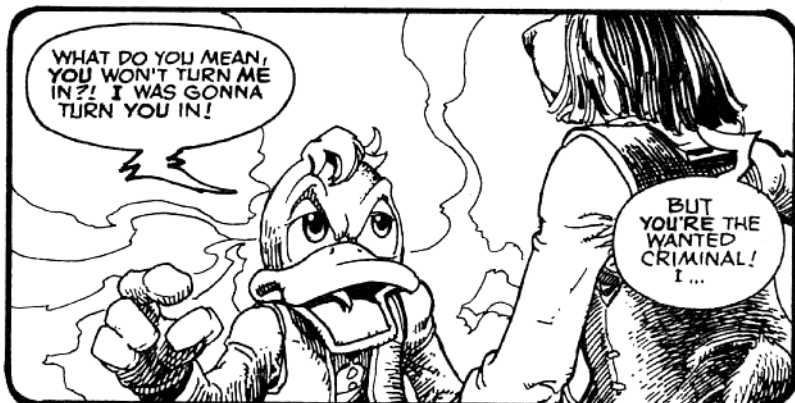
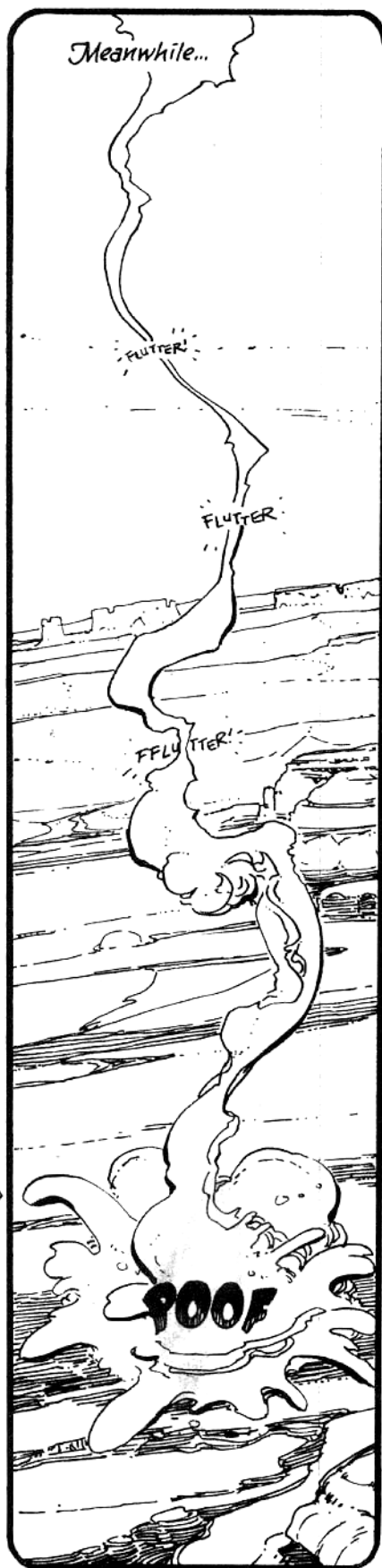
SIX!









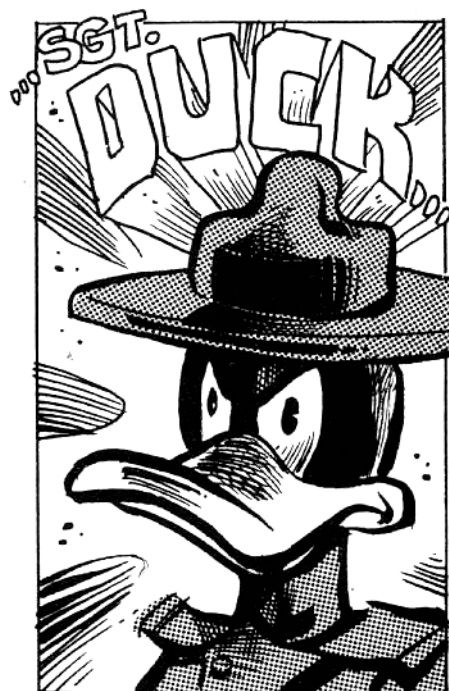






A LONE FIGURE MOVES  
ACROSS THE *WILDS* OF  
SOUTH WESTERN *ONTARIO*...

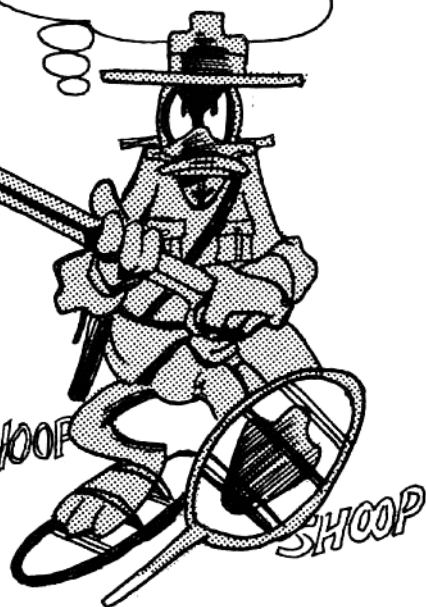
HE IS CLEAR OF *EYE*  
AND PURE OF *HEART*! HE IS...



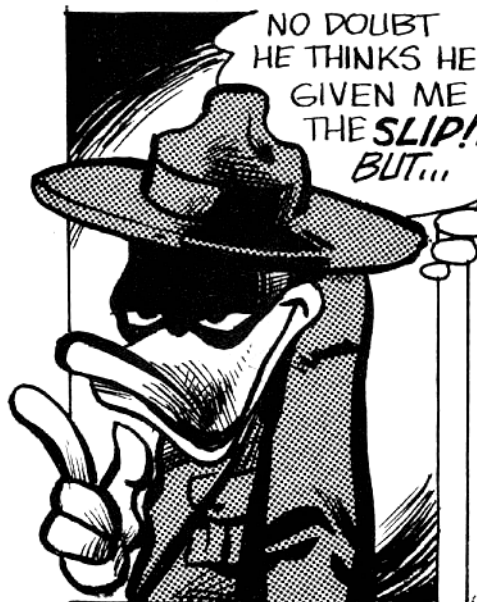
...OF THE *MOUNTIES*!



AT LONG LAST... OUR  
PATHS CROSS *ONCE*  
*AGAIN*...



NO DOUBT  
HE THINKS HE'S  
GIVEN ME  
THE *SLIP*!...  
BUT...



*AHA!*

...AS I  
*SUSPECTED*!



# THE BEAVERS

"A SEEMINGLY DESERTED CABIN--THE IDEAL HIDE-OUT FOR MY ARCH-FOE, **BLACK QUAQUES** LEBLANC!"

UNKNOWN TO SGT. DUCK, **BLACK QUAQUES** WATCHES HIS STEALTHY APPROACH



WHAT'S THIS!?

ANOTHER COMIC BOOK?! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT YOU...

DUCK?!

OF THE MOUNTIES?

UH-OH!



**STEREOTYPES!** THE TRADITIONAL AMERICAN VIEW! OH, THAT A SON OF **MINE** WOULD READ SUCH **TRIBE!**



I WAS TRYING TO WATCH **WS--** WHAT THE **DEVIL** IS ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT?...



**THIS!**



IT'S A CONSPIRACY AGAINST OUR SEARCH FOR AN **IDENTITY...**

AGAINST OUR VERY **HERITAGE!**



DUCK?...



OF THE MOUNTIES...?

I HAD A **FEELING** I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT **CONAN** INSTEAD...



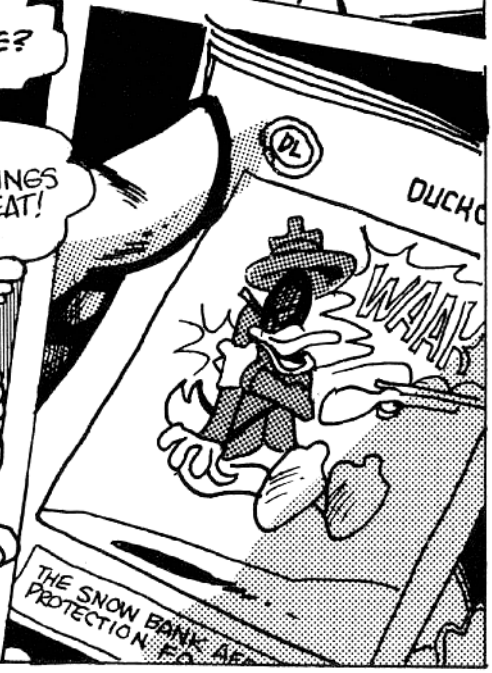
FIRST **TELEVISION** -- THEN **COMIC BOOKS!** WHAT **DEVILTRY** DO THEY PLOT FOR **TOMORROW?**

... **STEALTHY APPROACH...** THERE IS A SOUND OF **GLASS BREAKING...**

WILL **NO ONE** PUT A **STOP** TO THIS **SUBTREFUGE?**



"...A **SHOT RINGS OUT!**" NEAT!





ANOTHER WHOLE GENERATION OF CANADIANS--  
IGNORANT OF THEIR ROOTS,  
PURSUING THE AMERICAN  
DREAM...



THE TIME HAS  
COME TO... THE TIME  
HAS COME FOR...  
THE TIME... HAS...



"SGT. DUCK TIES  
HIS HANKY AROUND  
THE SHOULDER..."  
"FORTUNATELY  
FOR ME, ONLY THE  
BONE IS  
CHIPPED..."



ARE YOU  
FINISHED  
THE PAGE?

NOT  
YET.

AH-HA



OOOPS!

EH--YES, AS I WAS ABOUT TO  
SAY--I QUITE AGREE THAT WE  
ARE GOING TO HAVE TO SCREEN  
THE COMIC BOOKS THAT YOU  
BUY MORE CAREFULLY



AND YOU'RE RIGHT, RED!  
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE  
ABOUT THE MISCONCEPTIONS  
BEING SPREAD ABOUT OUR  
COUNTRY...



OH, BROTHER  
...



...THE IDEA THAT WE ARE A DOMINION OF *RUSTIC MORONS* AT THE MERCY OF KNEE-JERK REACTIONS...



EXTREME SILLINESS CALLS FOR EXTREME SOLUTIONS



OH-LOOK-A-HOCKEY-GAME -CAN-IT-BE-TRUE-I-THINK-IT-IS-THE-LEAFS-VS-THE-CANADIENS-AT-THE-FORUM-IN-MONTREAL...



I HOPE KELLY STARTS THE SITTLER LINE

MALLOVOLICH  
SCOTTY BOWMAN

UNDEFEATED STRING

WON-LOSS RECORD  
BUFF GAME

IN HOME ICE

STANLEY CUP FINAL

LAFLEUR SHOTS ON GOAL  
LEG IN

ELIMINATION ROUND

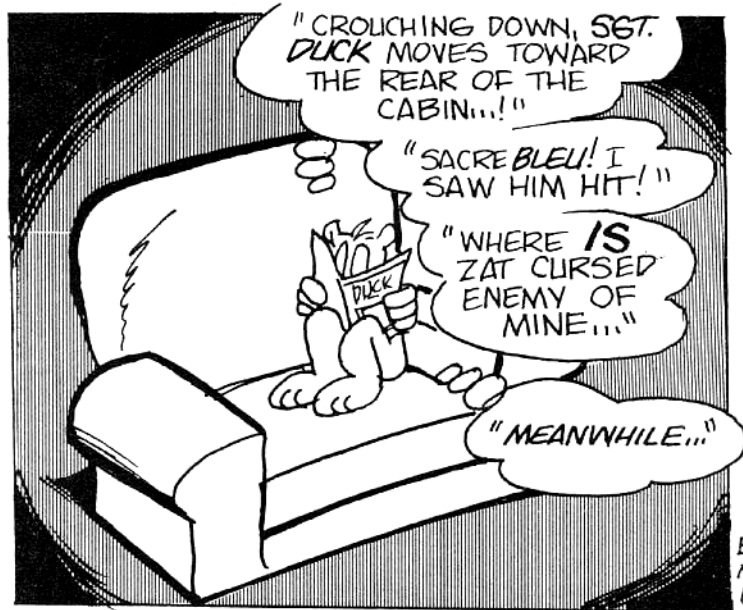
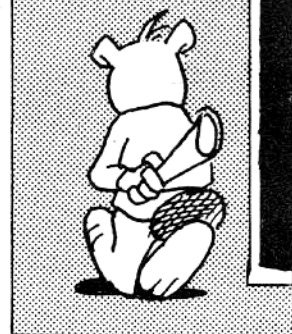
MURNBULL, FIRST DRAFT  
SALMING...

GOALS, ASSISTS, PIM'S

GOALS AGAINST AVERAGE

SHUT-OUT

HAT-TRICK



"CROUCHING DOWN, SGT. DUCK MOVES TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CABIN...!"

"SACRE BLEU! I SAW HIM HIT!"

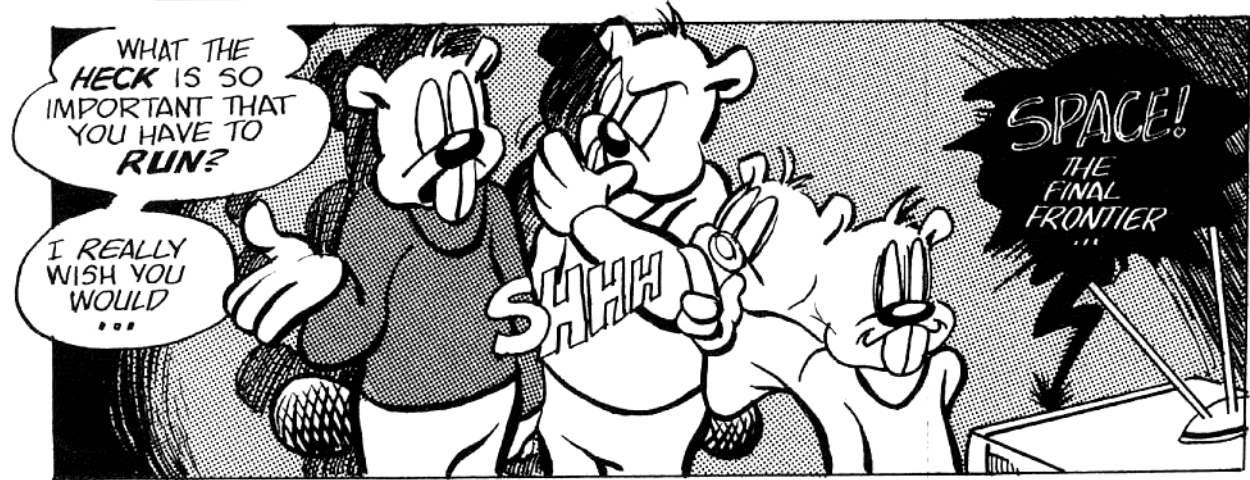
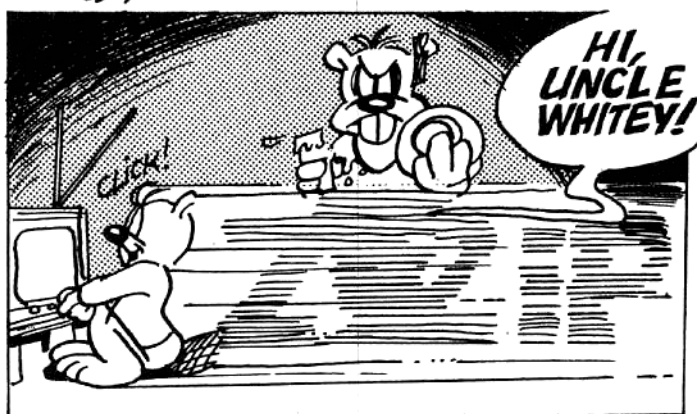
"WHERE IS ZAT CURSED ENEMY OF MINE..."

"MEANWHILE..."

END

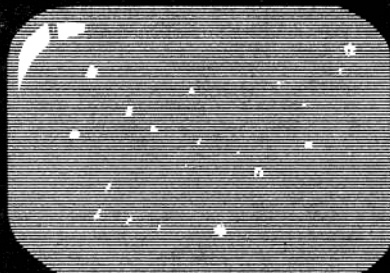


GANGUWAY!

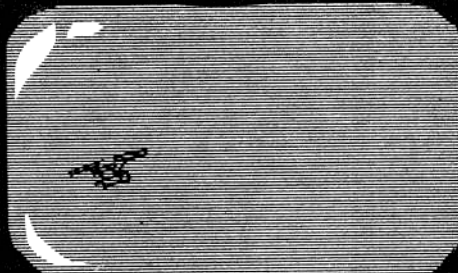




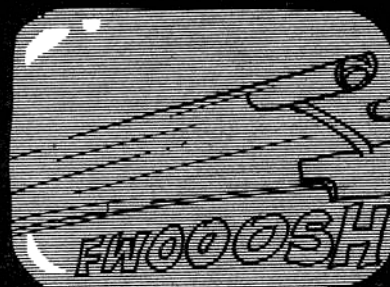
THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF  
THE STARSHIP *ENTROPIZE*

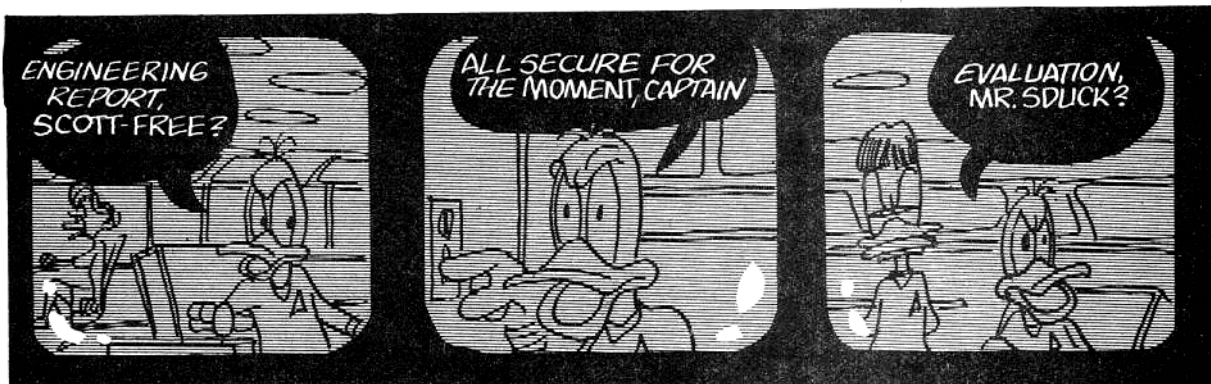


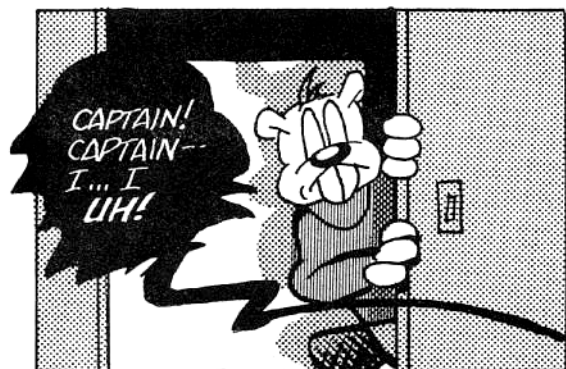
ITS FIVE-YEAR MISSION, TO EXPLORE  
STRANGE NEW WORLDS - TO SEEK  
OUT NEW LIFE AND NEW CIVILISATIONS



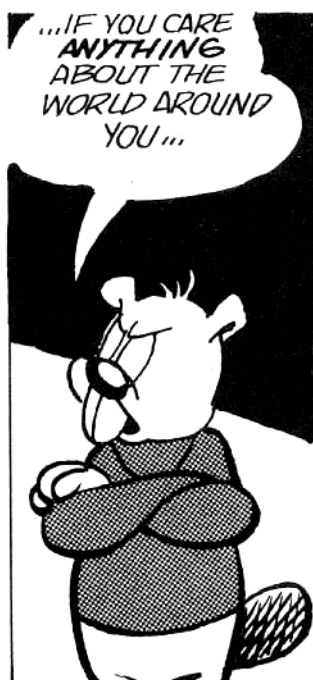
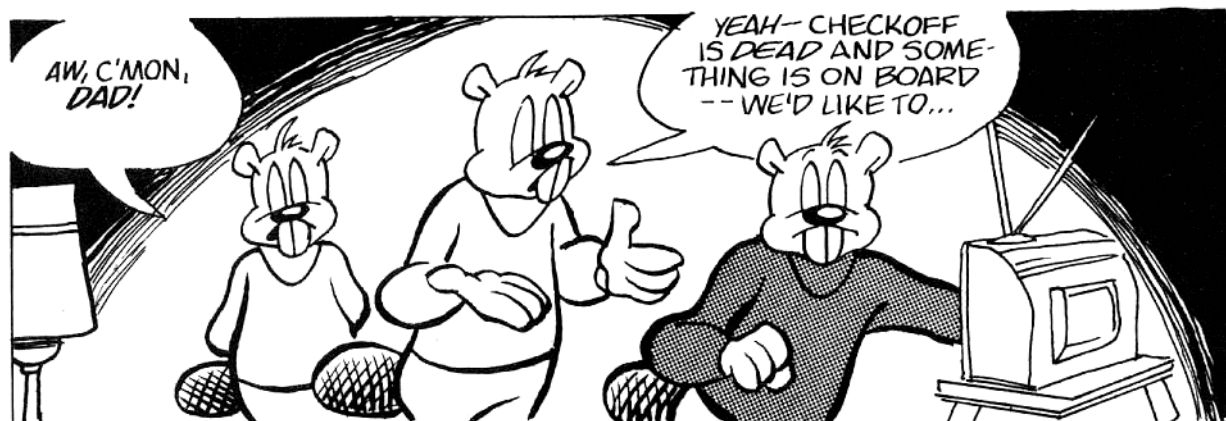
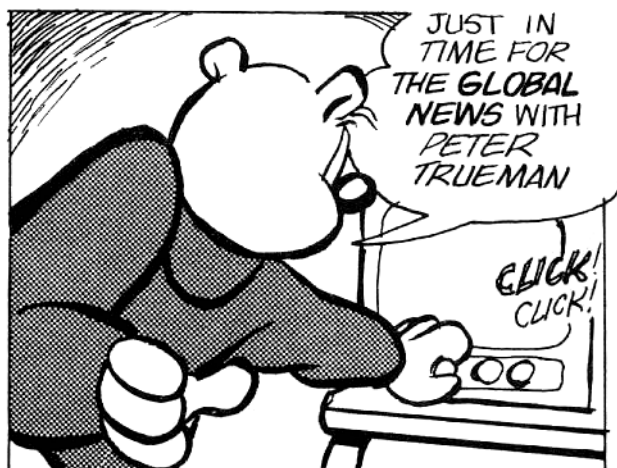
TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO *DUCK* HAS GONE *BEFORE*...

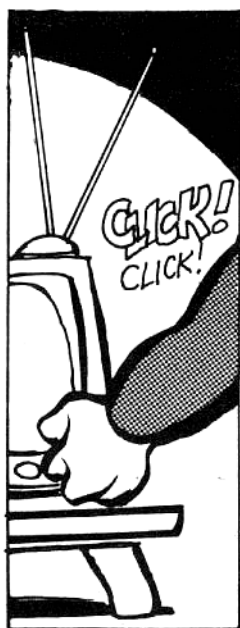












NOW--THE THIRD  
PULSE-POUNDING  
INSTALLMENT OF...

**ON THE SKIDS!®**

# INTO THE BREACH!

OR: "FOLLOW ME IF Y'GOT TH' BALLS!"

GUEST STARRING: **DING DOG DADDY** --AND DAISY!!

**DON'T TOUCH THAT  
DIAL!!**

NO, YOU HAVEN'T  
MISSED A THING!

THE TIME: **NOW!**

THE PLACE: **WE'RE  
NOT TELLING.**

THE ACTION: **ABOUT  
TO BEGIN.**

**DING DOG IT,  
DAISY, YOU'RE  
MESSIN' ME UP!  
HOLD UP ON A--**

**OKAY--  
SEQUENCE  
1A 300--  
ALPHA--  
BETA--  
GO!**

**ATTENTION: SUBJECTS  
NOW IN POSITION---  
BEGIN SEQUENCE 1A 300  
-ALPHA-CETA-- NOW!!**

**NEGATORY!!  
NEGATORY!!  
SEQUENCE 1A 300  
ALPHA-CETA!!**

WRITTEN, DRAWN AND LETTERED BY THAT FUNNY ANIMAL, **ALAN KUPPERBERG**  
• CREDIT • © 1977

**ABORT  
SEQUENCE!**

**I--CAIN'T-- I PUSHED TH'  
BUTTON.**

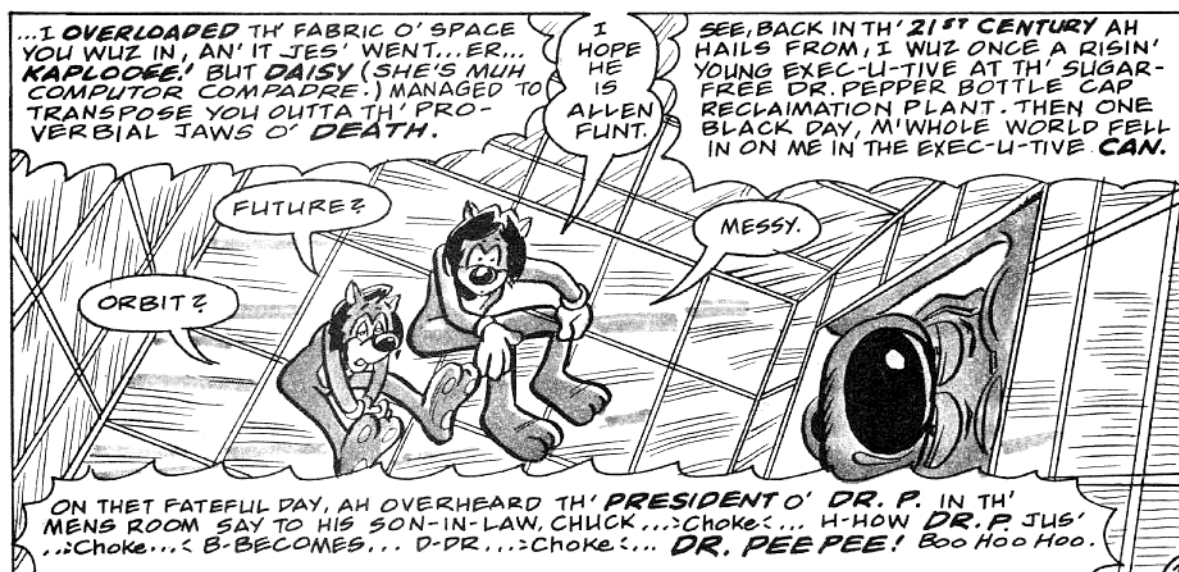
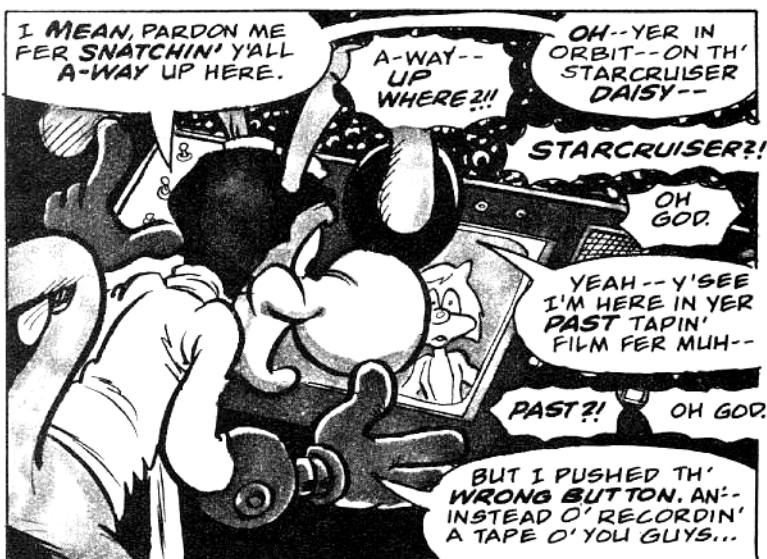
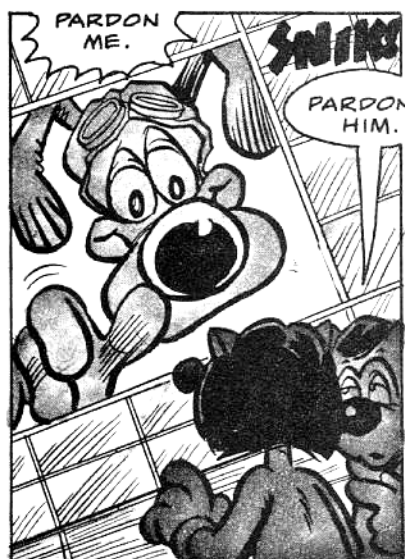
**WE'RE  
IN!**

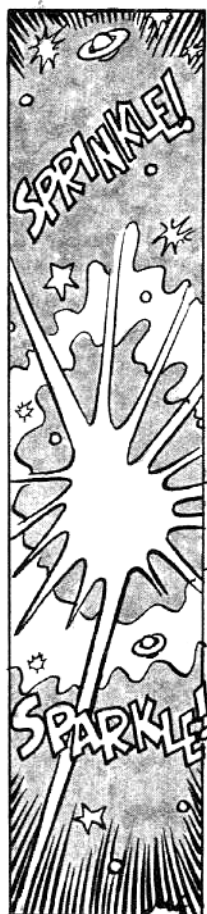
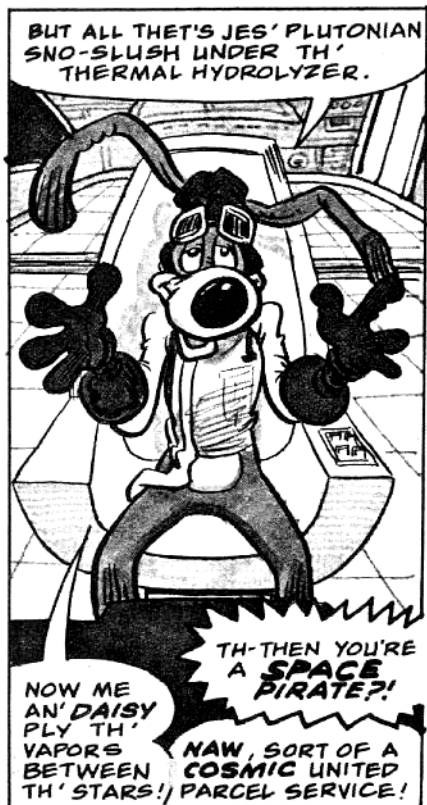
**LET'S  
LEAVE.**

**SLAP!**  
**AHRIGHT.**

**BADA-  
BOOM!**

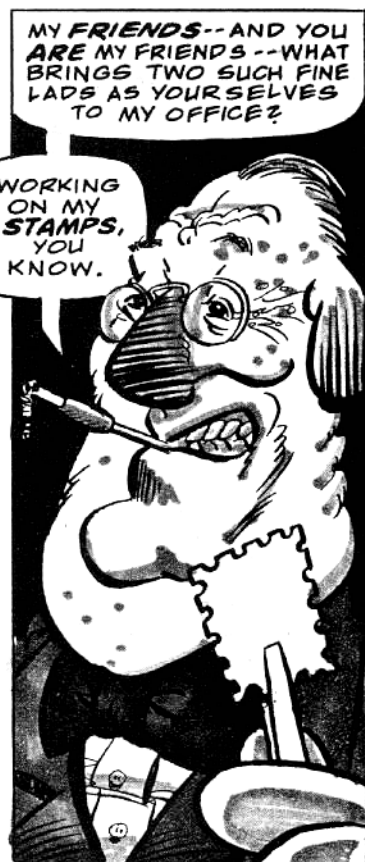


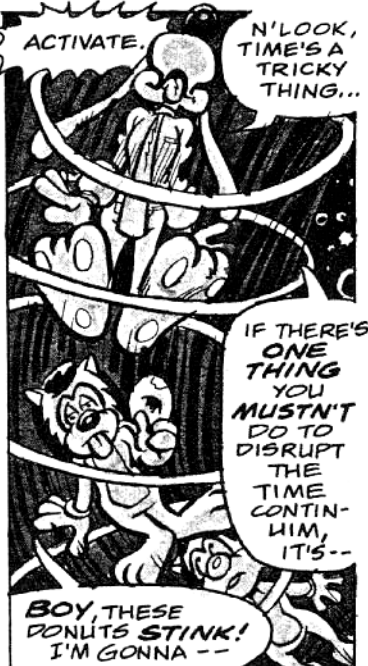
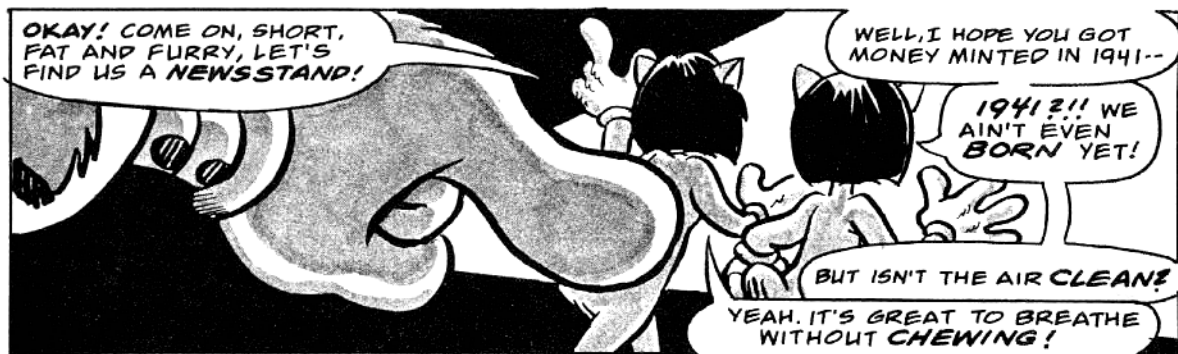














**NEXT: TOP BILLING?**

'FRAID NOT, GUYS, THIS IS THE END!

ME



Tales  
of The

# OREGON BOBCAT

by Dot Bucher ©1976

"BOUNCE ON THE WILD SIDE!"

"EUGENE, OREGON --  
HOME OF THE RIVER ROAD WATCH  
MAKER ...



"... INTO WHOSE SHOP CAME A WILD  
CREATURE ONE DAY!

I HEARD YOU WANTED ONE OF THESE...

WHAT?!



**Hiss!**

WHADDA YA MEAN,  
"WUNNA THESE"?!  
I'M AN ORIGINAL!



HISSS

"IT WAS ME!  
—GINGER! THE OREGON BOBCAT! ROWLF!

"THOUGH THE ALIEN SURROUNDINGS WOULD STRIKE FEAR INTO ANY HEART, I PUT UP A  
BRAVE, VALIANT FIGHT!"

OH, DEAR! SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH!  
COME OUT, LITTLE ONE!



"THEY SOUGHT TO TAME ME WITH STRANGE  
DEVICES!"

Ho-hum... THE BABY'S FOULED UP IN THE  
SHOE-STRINGS AGAIN.

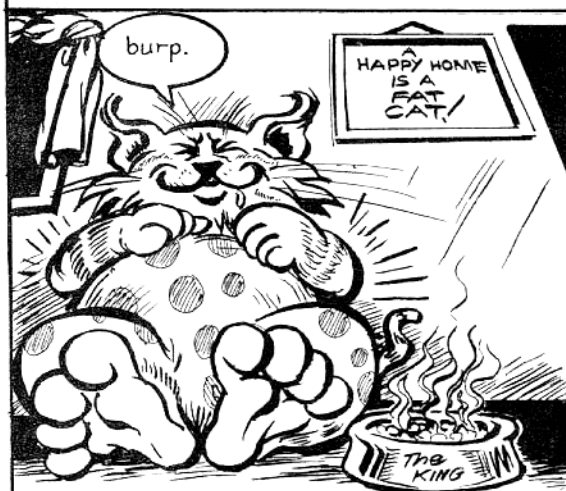
WHAT TRICKERY  
IS THIS? gnash  
gnash

SOMEBODY  
GET HER OUT!

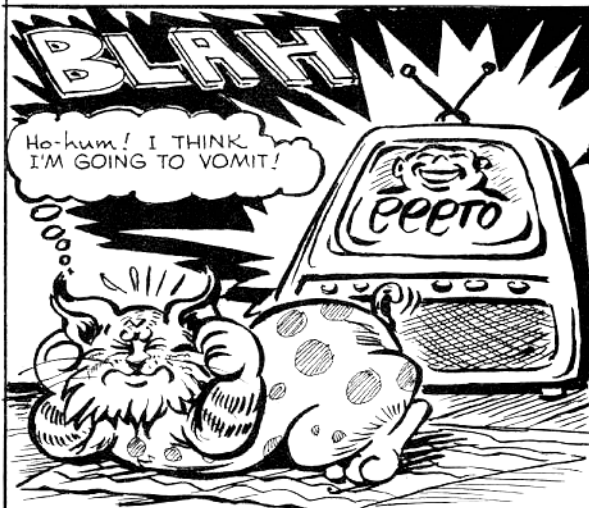
Oh BROTHER.



"BUT MY NATURALLY STOUT BOBCAT STRENGTH BORE ME THROUGH FAMINE...



"... TORTURE, AND RIGOROUS TRAINING...



"... AND THE EVER-PRESENT DESIRE OF MY CAPTORS TO TAME ME! ... TO TURN THE WILD HEART INTO A SNIVELING, DOMESTIC LACKEY!



"ALWAYS I LONGED FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE GREEN, VERDANT FORESTS.



"AND THOUGH THEY BARRED THE WINDOWS AND LOCKED THE DOORS, ONE DAY I WOULD STRIKE OUT TO FREEDOM!



"MEANWHILE, I BIDED MY TIME. ADOLESCENCE AND MATURITY ARRIVED, GIVING ME STRENGTH AND VITALITY!"

LOOKS A LITTLE PUNY. BETTER TAKE HER TO THE VET FOR SHOTS.

PUNY?!!!

GRRR!

"KNOWING I WAS A VALUABLE SPECIMEN OF RUFUS LYNXUS, MY KEEPERS TOOK ME TO THEIR MEDICAL PEOPLE, TO ASSURE MY FUTURE GOOD HEALTH."

THEY'RE GONNA SHOOT ME?!

"IT WAS IN THAT STRANGE PLACE THAT I ENCOUNTERED MY COMPATRIOTS... OTHER SOULS IN 'SLAVERY'!"

ZZZZZ

TWITTER  
TWITTER

SIGH...

AHH!

TWITTER

©D.J. BOCHER 1977

"WHAT A CHANCE! I WOULD ROUSE MY FELLOW CREATURES TO REBEL! ESCAPE! (AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!)"

YAWN!

WHAT A DUMB BUNCH!  
NO FUN AT ALL!



"I NUDGED A DULL-EYED FELLOW,  
HOPING TO INSPIRE HIM WITH WORDS  
OF COURAGE!"



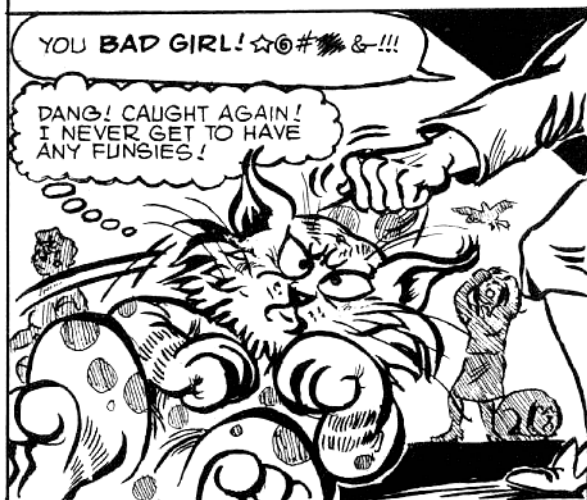
"UNFORTUNATELY, HE OVER-REACTED,  
BLAMING ME FOR HIS MISERY!"



"BUT MY VIGOROUS ACTIONS WOKE THE OTHERS TO CONSCIOUSNESS! SUDDENLY,  
EVERYONE IN THE ROOM **THREW OFF THEIR LEASHES!**"



"BUT FATE DECREED OTHERWISE!  
A HUGE HAND SNATCHED ME AWAY!--



"--POSTPONING THE DAY OF ESCAPE!"

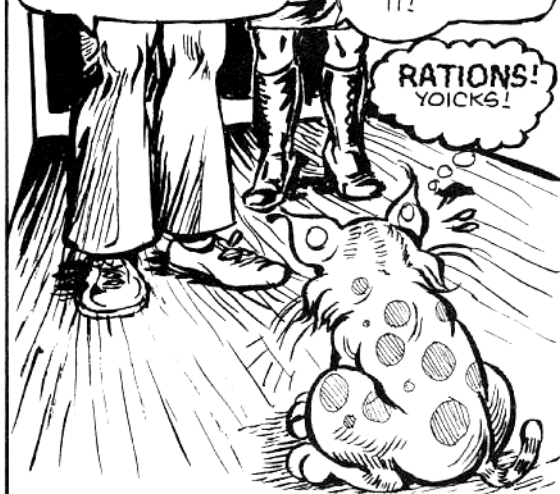


"WHAT MY CAPTORS SAID WAS TRUE, MEAT RESTORES THE FIERCE SOUL TO THE INDIGENT **BLOB!**"

... MEAT MAKES HER CRAZY MAD?

YES, WE CAN'T LET HER HAVE IT!

RATIONS!  
YOICKS!



"-WHENCE, MEAT WAS BARRED FROM ME! I WAS PUT ON A DIET OF..."

UGH. DRIED CAT FOOD.



"THOSE FOLLOWING MONTHS WERE THE MOST TRYING SINCE MY CAPTURE! SEGREGATED FROM **RAW FLESH**, MY ENERGY LANQUISHED TO **NOTHING!**"

GNASH!

OH, FRUSTRATION!

"TIME CRAWLED. ONE DAY I WRAPPED MY PAWS AROUND THE USUALLY- LOCKED DOORKNOB..."

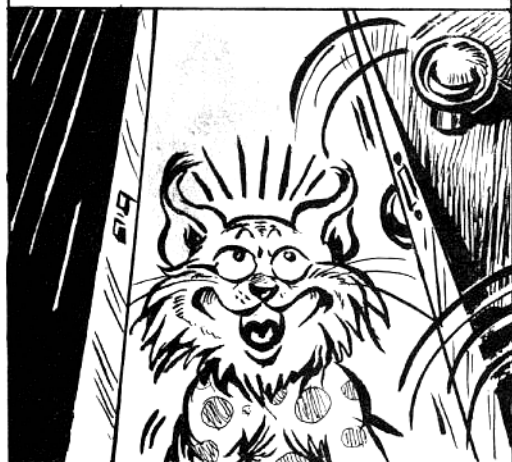


© DDT 8/20/17

"...AND I WAS IN LUCK! SOMEONE HAD FORGOTTEN TO LOCK IT!"

"FREEDOM! I HASTENED TO A 'PLACE OF MEAT'!"

WOW! THE SMELL COMES FROM THERE!



"NATURALLY, THE KEEPERS OF MEAT WERE LOATH TO LET IT GO...  
KNOWING ITS MAGIC PROPERTIES.



I WANT THAT ONE!



STOP THAT CREATURE!



YOW!

"THOUGH I WAS FREE, I WENT  
HOME TO EAT. THE STEAK WAS  
YUMMY, BUT...

THAT WASN'T AS GOOD  
AS I THOUGHT!

I CAN LEAVE NOW!

— BUT — THEY NEED ME! THEY'RE SO  
HELPLESS!



GINGER! YOU'RE BACK!

I'VE DECIDED IT'S MY DUTY TO  
STAY, TO TEACH YOU DOILE, DULL  
PEOPLE HOW TO LIVE ON THE  
WILD  
SIDE!

"LAND I AM! FOR NO ONE  
CAN REALLY TAME A TRUE  
BOBCAT!

WINK!

"WANNA TRY?" | The End.



Tales  
of The

# OREGON BOBCAT

by Dot Bucher ©1976

A BOOK ON BOBCATS?



"IN THE WILDS, BOBCATS  
USE RUNNING STREAMS  
FOR THEIR TOILETS."

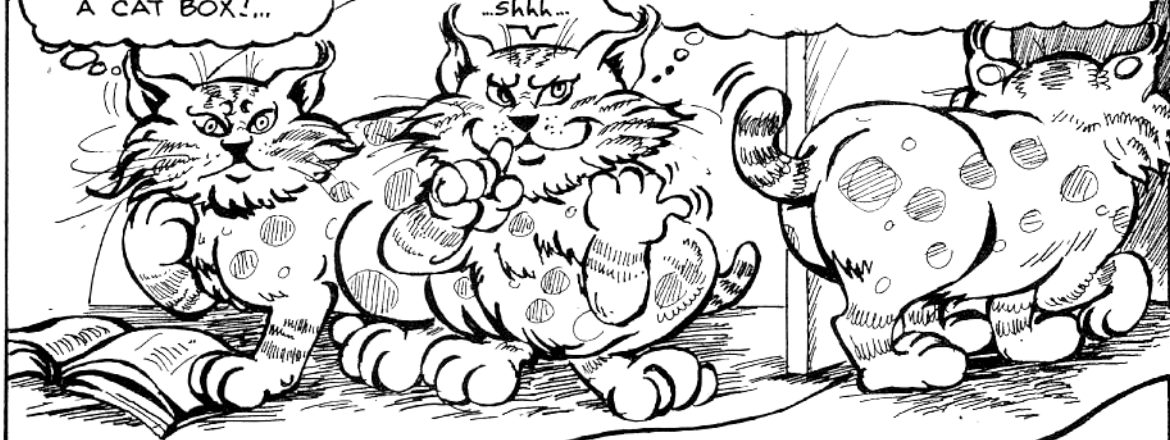


WE DO? I HAVE  
A CAT BOX!...

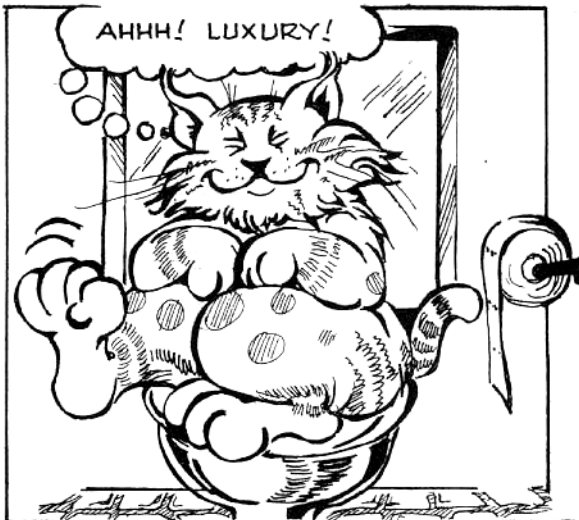


...shhh...

... BUT WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING...



AHHH! LUXURY!



BOBCATS ARE NATURALLY  
MORE CULTURED THAN  
HUMANS, ANYWAY!



END

# Tales of The OREGON BOBCCAT

by Dot Bucher ©1976

GINGER'S DREAMING AGAIN!  
WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M A HAPPY  
BOBCAT...

I LIVE  
IN THE  
FOREST  
HILL...

...I'LL BE  
HAPPY  
STILL!  
(sigh!)

IF I STAY  
IN THE  
FOREST...

Ooh, PHOOEY! NO HAMBURGER  
IN THE FOREST! WHAT A DUMB  
DREAM!

Ooh! A RABBIT!

BOING!

end

THE WRAITH'S PAL,  
INSPECTOR  
**MULCHBERRY**

KNOW  
WHAT'S TH'  
MATTER WITH  
FOLKS TODAY,  
**ACE?**

LACK  
OF REAL  
COMMUNICATION  
THAT'S WHAT,  
M' BOY.

PEOPLE  
JUST SPEND  
TOO MUCH  
TIME  
TALKIN'.

YEAH!  
IT'S...

DIG  
IT, BRO!  
I THINK...

YEAH,  
MAN, BUT  
LIZZEN...

THEY  
DON'T SPEND  
TIME JUST  
LISTENIN' TO  
EACH OTHER.

I  
MEAN  
**REALLY**  
LISTENIN',  
Y' KNOW?

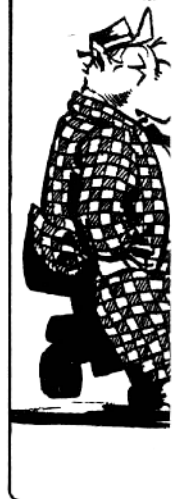
ONE  
TRACK  
MINDS.  
Y' KNOW,  
**ACE?**

THEY GET  
STARTED ON  
SOMETHIN', AND  
DUNNO WHEN  
TO STOP...

I  
MEAN  
REALLY  
DRAG (A  
POII

**SHEET!**

JIVE-  
ASS!!





DEATH COMES IN MANY FORMS.

There is the physical;  
The CRUSHING AND RENDING OF THE FLESH.



Then there are the more insidious forms;  
The TWISTING OF VALUES, THE LOSS OF VISION.



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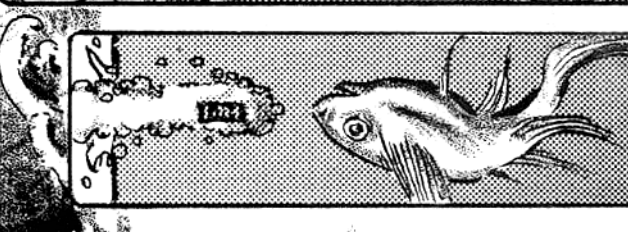
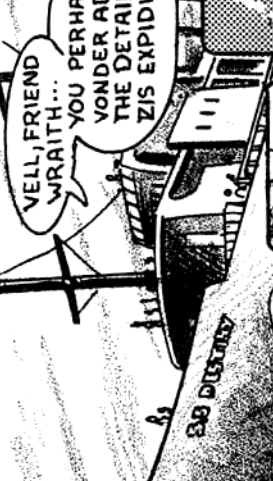
AND WHO IS TO SAY WHICH IS THE MORE TRAGIC?



WELL OUT OF THE CITY, SURROUNDED BY THE BRINY BRINE, MY TENSIONS DISSOLVED LIKE AN OVER-RIPE FIZZIE.



FOR YEARS, STUDYING LIFE NEAR SILVER ISLAND I HAF DONE SO MUCH STRANGE AND VUNDERFUL FISHIES AND ROCKS. SO MUCH FRIEND WRAITH



RECENTLY, VILE TAKING SEISMOGRAPHIC READINGS, MIT NEWLY DESIGNED INSTRUMENTS—HORRIBLE VE HAF DISCOVERED!



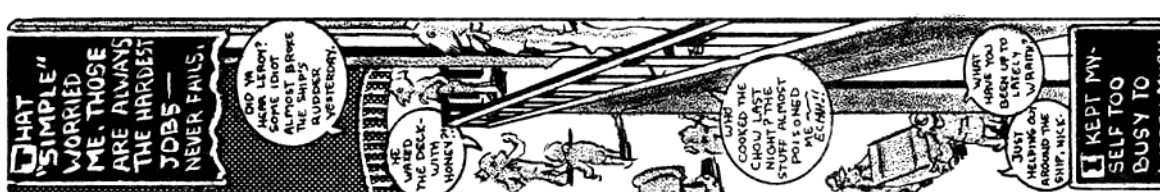
ZO! MINE INSTRUMENTS, ZEY SAY AN EARTHQUAKE VILL SOON COME UND VISIT SILVER ISLAND—A REAL LALAPALOOZA!



SOON I FEAR DER ENTIRE ISLAND MAY GET ALL DESTROYED, YAH? MAYBE VERY SOON TOO.



SO VE GO UND VARN EFFERY-ONE, YAH? UND ZEN VE FILL DER SHIP MIT ALL DER PEOPLE SIMPLE, YAH?



WHAT "SIMPLE" WORRIED ME. THOSE ARE ALWAYS THE HARDEST JOBS—NEVER FAILS.

DID WE NOT? SAME IDOT! ALMOST BROKE THE SHIP'S RUDDER, YESTERDAY.

HE WAIVED THE DECK-HOOKS!

COOKED THE CHOW LAST NIGHT! ALMOST POISONED ME—ECCENT!

JUST HELPING OUT AROUND THE SHIP, NICE!

I KEPT MYSELF TOO BUSY TO WORRY MUCH.



OK, DOC—I'LL BITE—WHO OWNS THAT HUNK OF REAL ESTATE? YOU RADIOED THEM ABOUT THE QUAKE, OF COURSE?



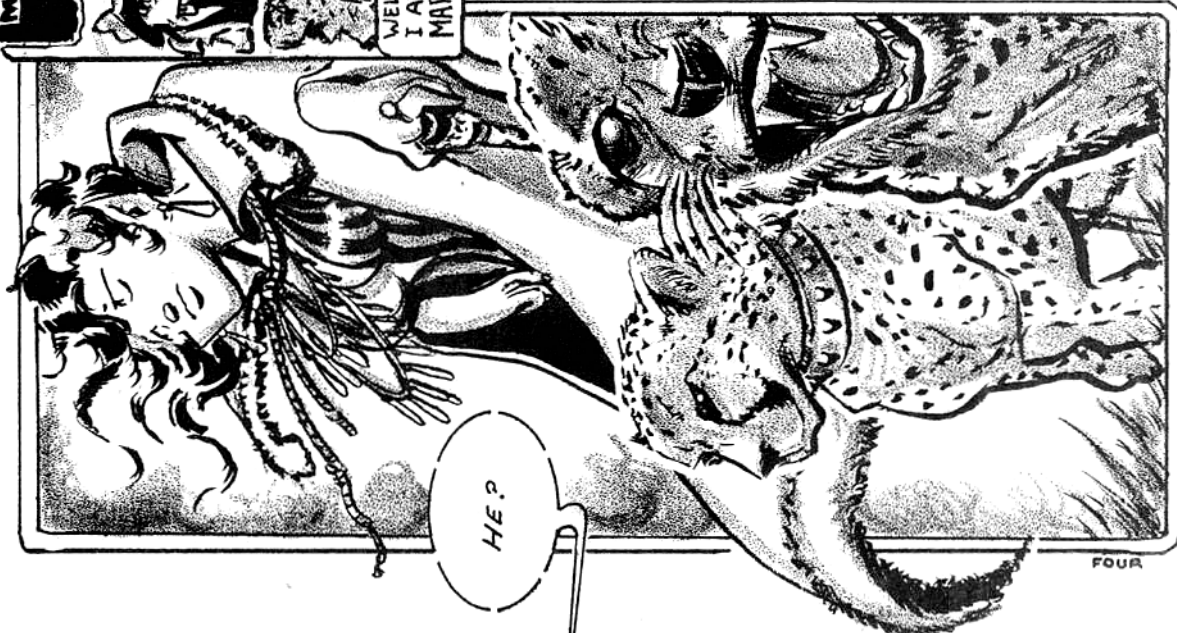
EFFERY SIX MONTHS VE BRING SUPPLIES. UND IN RETURN VE GET FUNDED, YAH?



STRANGE PERSON ZIS SILVER—A PRIVATE FAIRYLAND, VAS MADE FROM DER ISLAND. SILVER NEVER LEAVES—A SUGAR PRISON, NEIN? HO! CRAZY! SILVER, EH? WHO IS HE?



MY HEART STARTED POUNDING THE BRANDENBURG CONCERTO TO A CALYPSO BEAT. JADED ORBS GAZED ON SOME FRESHLY SQUEEZED CONDENSED SUNSHINE. HER NAME WAS MARIA.



HE?



AND YOU MUST BE -THE WRAITH-

WHO? ME? OH...OH... YEAR. THAT'S ME ALRIGHT HERE! HERE!



THIS IS REALLY QUITE A THRILL FOR ME, WRAITH. I'VE ADMIRERD YOU FOR YEARS.

HULLO NARU. HULLO BACK AGAIN

MISS ME BABY?

YOU GOT GUM, JOE?

HEY JOE, YOU GOT GUM?

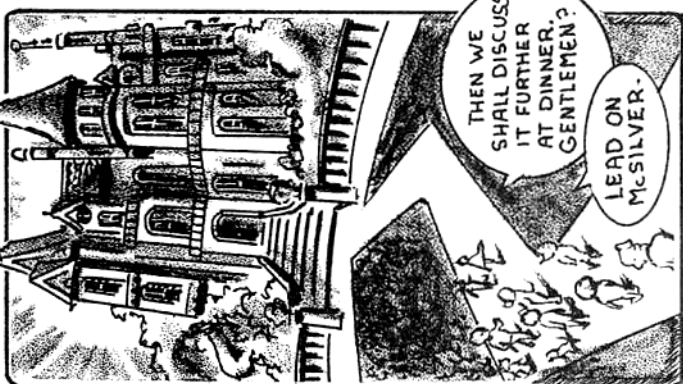
ONLY ONCE HAD I FELT THIS WAY ABOUT A WOMAN-AND THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO

WELCOME, GENTLEMEN. I AM YOUR HOST... MARIA THERESA SILVER!



AH! AND PROFESSOR NICKELODEAN! HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! BUT SO EARLY. I FEAR SOMETHING IS WRONG.

ACH! AND I FEAR YOU ARE CORRECT, FRAULEIN SILVER. THERE IS MUCH TO DISCUSS, YAH!



THEN WE SHALL DISCUSS IT FURTHER AT DINNER, GENTLEMEN?

LEAD ON MC SILVER.



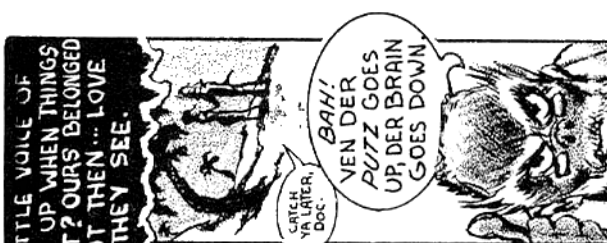
I HADN'T SLEPT THAT WELL IN YEARS, AND WHAT A WAY TO BREAK MY FAST - WAKING UP SNUGLING MARIA'S WARM BREASTS MMM-M! NOTHING LIKE IT!

WAKE UP, LAZY-  
BONES - CAN'T  
SLEEP ALL DAY.

PLEASE TO LISTEN FRANK!  
EVACUATION MUST BE DONE!  
WE CAN DISCUSS  
IT LATER,  
DOCTOR.



A JUG  
OF WINE, A  
LOT OF  
BREAD AND  
THOU BESTIDE  
ME, SIGH...



[CAN YOU DESCRIBE HEAVEN, INSPECTOR? DETACH THE HALO AND HARPS AND WE HAD IT! THE HOURS MERGED INTO DAYS, AND THE DAYS INTO WEEKS.

[ATHLETE, SCHOLAR, ARTIST, BUSINESSWOMAN - SHE WAS ALL THAT AND MORE! AND, LORD, WHAT A LOVER! WE'D PLAY FOR HOURS & DAYS IN OUR OWN PARADISE

AW NUTS, NICK. WHAT'S TH' BIG RUSH?

SNAP OUT OF IT, WARRITH! THIS PLACE VE MUST LEAVE!!

BAH! VEN DER PUTZ GOES UP, DER BRAIN GOES DOWN.

CATCH YA LATER, DOC.

MY ENTHUSIASTIC FRIEND. DO I LOOK LIKE A PAINT PALETTE?

LOOK SORRY, THOUGHT IT WAS LAPPED.

Ho!

Ho!

Ho!

Ho!

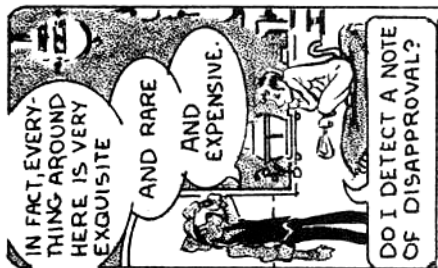






ISN'T THIS PIECE EXQUISITE? AN ORIGINAL CELLINI.

UM-HMM. YES-IT IS



IN FACT, EVERYTHING AROUND HERE IS VERY EXQUISITE

AND RARE AND EXPENSIVE.

DO I DETECT A NOTE OF DISAPPROVAL?

WEEKS BECAME MONTHS. SELDOM HAD I INVESTED TIME SO WELL. NICK AND THE CREW HAD A WORKING VACATION. WHAT THE HELL - SHE WAS PICKING UP THE TAB - RIGHT?



IF YOU SAY SO, BUT...SAY! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK...

WHY DO YOU KEEP THAT OLD GRUNGY DOLL IN AN EXPENSIVE SILVER CASE?



HER? THAT'S ANNIE. DADDY GAVE HER TO ME BEFORE HE DIED.

I LOVE HER MORE THAN ANYTHING.

[SHE FILLED ME IN ON HER CHILDHOOD "TRUE CONFESSIONS" STUFF. ADORING FATHER KICKS OFF, FOLLOWED BY YEARS OF POVERTY. BUT HARD WORK, LUCK AND PERSISTENCE PAY OFF, FOR ONCE.]



LIFE WAS DAMN NEAR PERFECT... EXCEPT... SOMETHING DID MAKE ME UNEASY. HER OBSESSION WITH THINGS. THAT BUGGED ME.

BUT LOOK AROUND AT ALL THIS NEEDLESS JUNK! NOW, NOW... I'VE HAD 37 YEARS TO DEVELOP MY TASTES. JUNK IT'S NOT!

NOT EXACTLY, BUT...

UH-OH. YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR HAT ON. IT MUST BE TIME FOR A LECTURE. VERY FUNNY.

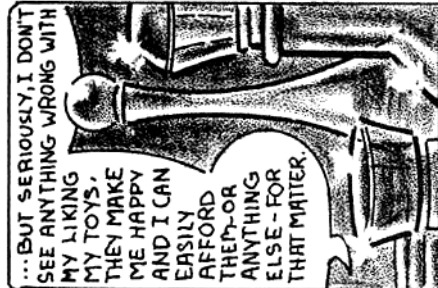


37! OH DEAR. THAT DOES SOUND OLD, DOESN'T IT?

SAY, YOU! I LOVE OLDER WOMEN, GRANNY.

Ha! Ha! SILLY!

[GOLD, JEWELS, CHINA, FURNITURE - WHATEVER. SHE HAD TO HAVE THE BEST. SO WHAT, I GUESS? WHO WAS I TO BE PREACHING?



...BUT SERIOUSLY, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY LIKING MY TOYS, THEN MAKE ME HAPPY AND I CAN EASILY AFFORD THEM - OR ANYTHING ELSE - FOR THAT MATTER.



NO... BUT IT'S SAFE... IN THERE.



ALLEGORIES? OH! YOU BRUTE!! TAKE THAT IN YOUR DEAD END.

THE CASE. THE CASE.

[ED SILVER ISLAND BECOMES THE ULTIMATE ACQUISITION. LOTS OF THINGS TO OWN. NICE CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT. NO MESSY X-FACTORS LIKE PEOPLE, LET'S SAY. SAFE. STERILE. UNTIL ME.]

IF SOMETHING SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE—IT PROBABLY IS." THAT SAYING IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS IN LIFE THAT'S NEVER LET ME DOWN.

AH, MARIA! YOU'RE SO CUTE WHEN YOU'RE MAD

AND YOU'RE SO OBNOXIOUS WHEN YOU'RE...

WRAITH!

WHAT THE HELL?

EARTH-QUAKE! HEAD FOR THE SHIP!

C'MON, BABE, LETS... HUH? ARE YOU NUTS!?! LEAVE THAT THING!

NO! ANNIE'S IN HERE.

THE FUCKIN' DOLL??

THE LOCK'S STUCK, I CAN'T LEAVE HER.

UNBREAKABLE GLASS, RIGHT?

YES

GODDAM IT, WOMAN! YOU'LL KILL US YET!

GIMME AN END!

I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE THE POINT. SILVER ISLAND WAS DYING. BOTH NATIVES AND CREW FLED TO THE WAITING SHIP.

OLD NICK WAS RIGHT!

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?!

CHRIST! THE WHOLE ISLAND'S SINKING!

GODDAM! MY GOD! MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

WE'LL BE SAFE SOON. CALM DOWN, BABY.

MY ISLAND. "SOB" MY WHOLE LIFE! EVERYTHING DESTROYED

A SHARP CRACKING...

THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER

WRAITH?

WE CAN'T "PUFF" REST NOW, LOVE. "GASP"

WE'RE ALMOST "PUFF" AT THE SHIP, WRAITH.

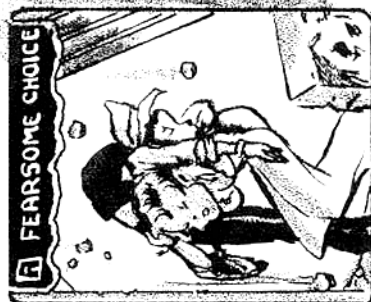
I CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. WE WERE NEAR THE SHIP—BUT THE ISLAND WAS SINKING FAST. THERE WAS NO TIME FOR TWO TRIPS.

IT MUST'VE BEEN A HORRIBLE STRUGGLE.

LIE OR HER ANNIE.

LIE OR HER CHILDHOOD FANTASIES—THE SAFETY OF HER PAST.

...OR THE DOLL!



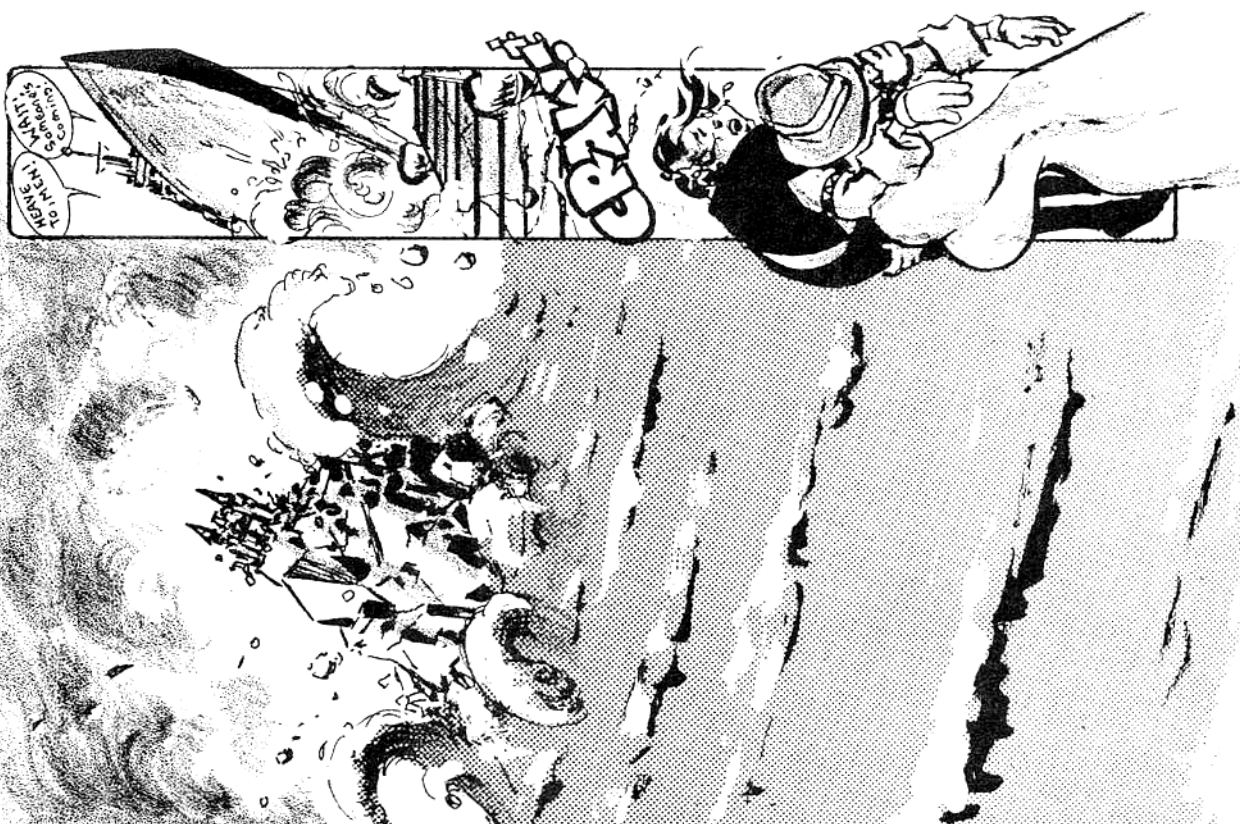
FEARSOME CHOICE



BUT AS I SAID BEFORE, MARIA WAS EXCEPTIONAL.

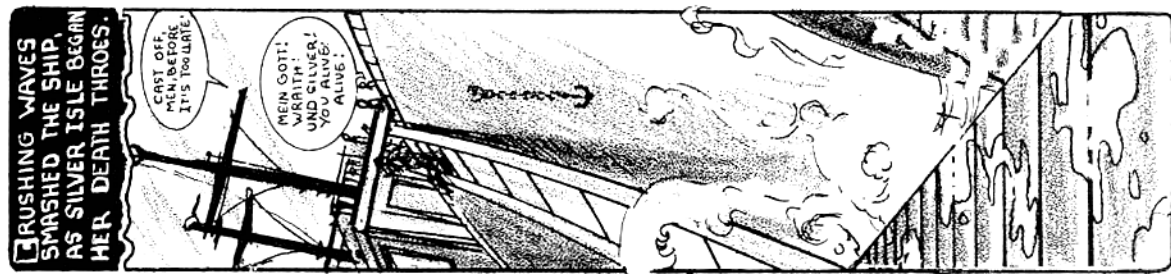


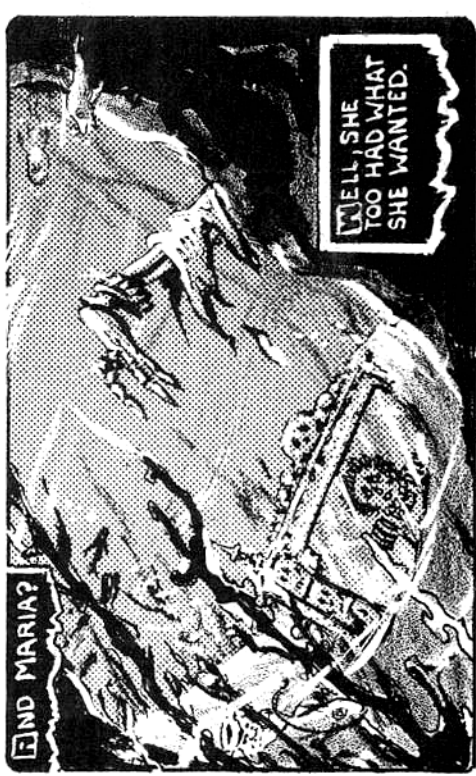
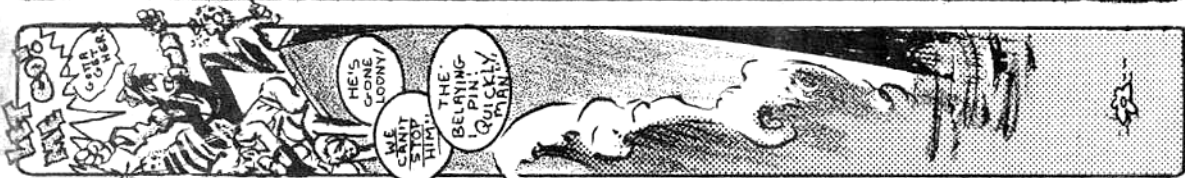
LUCKILY FOR ME!



TO MAKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!

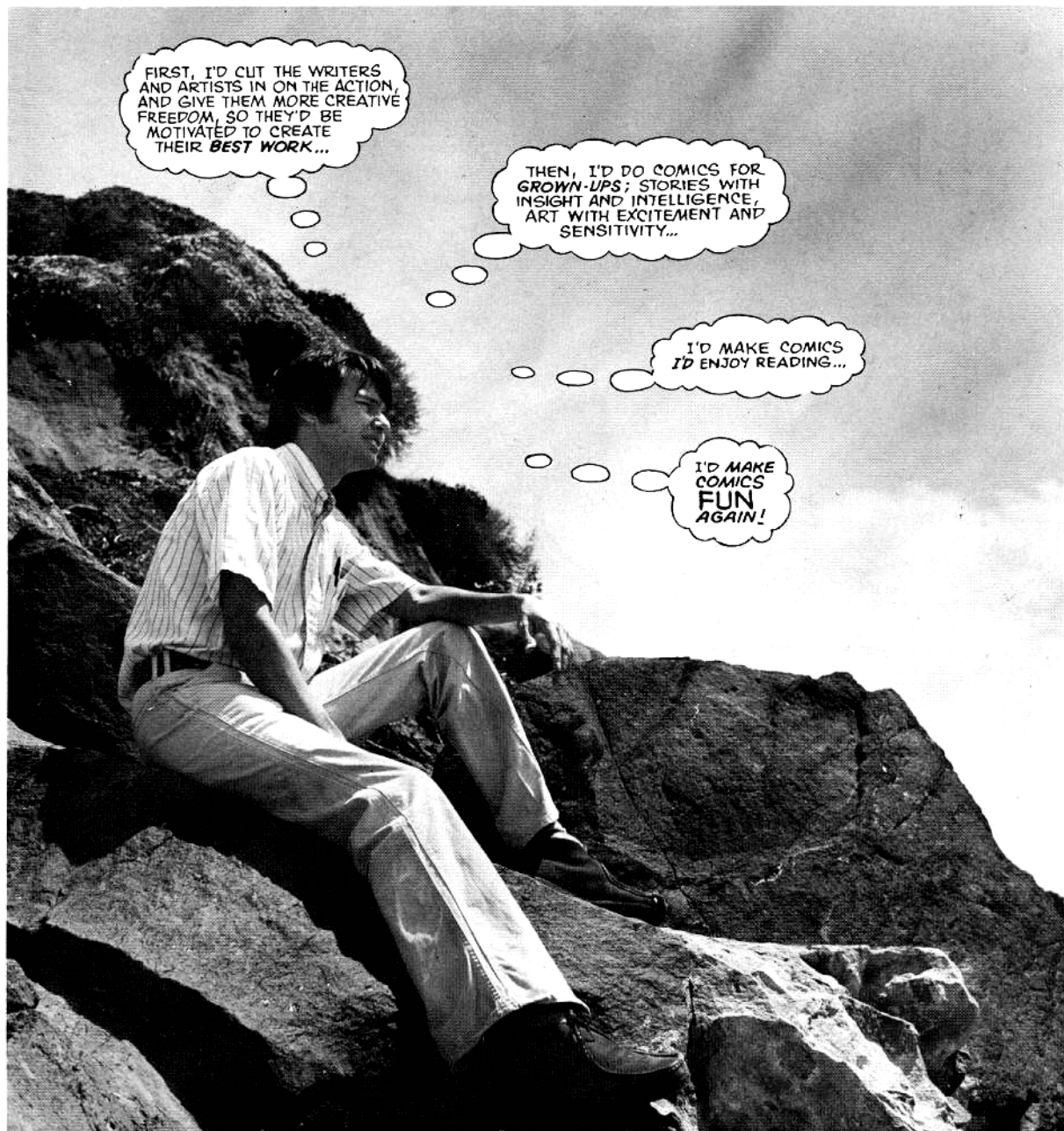






[END THAT, PERHAPS... IS THE MOST TRAGIC THING OF ALL!]

**IMAGINE IF** YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY  
FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



*Well, folks,*

**STAR\*REACH**  
IS DOING ALL THIS **NOW!**

STAR\*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 ..... \$1.25 (ea.)  
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 1-2-3 ..... \$3.00 (set)  
QUACK No. 1-2-3-4 ..... \$1.25 (ea.)

PLEASE ADD \$.35 PER COPY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.





# WRAITH Pin-Up PAGE CRP

